



WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1907
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1908

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



SMILE.
A smile's the cheapest boon on earth,
It doesn't cost a thing;
And yet it changes gloom to mirth
And makes the old world sing.

There was a reception given the Mayville teachers at the home of Rev. Dr. William C. Condit at Ashland last evening.

The Ladies of the Central Presbyterian Church will have their annual Bazar on December 5th and 6th.

We make a specialty of stamped towels and novelties for Xmas work. Would be pleased to have you call and inspect our line. The Art Shop.

Piano Tuning

Mr. E. C. Shearer, piano tuner, of Cincinnati will be here on his regular trip for one week, beginning Monday, November 18th. Orders may be left with Miss Lida Berry or Central Hotel.



LET UNCLE SAM GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.
PHONE 142.

Babbits are reported very scarce.

The Public Ledger, local and long distance Phone No. 40.

HOMESEEKERS' OPPORTUNITY!

A substantial cottage of three rooms with large porch, located in Sixth Ward, is offered for sale at a bargain. Terms easy.

J. R. DEVINE

Seasonable Talks!

Now is the season of the year to get ready for hunting, hog-killing time, Thanksgiving and Jack Frost. Let us help you get ready. We've a complete stock of Guns, Hunting Coats, Leggings, Shells, Lanterns, Butcher Knives, Lard Presses, Food Choppers, Sausage Mills, Robes, Blankets, Acetylene Buggy Lamps, and in fact anything you need. If we haven't what you want in stock, we will take pleasure in getting it for you without any loss of time.

HUNTERS

Mike Brown's is the Sportsmen's Headquarters!

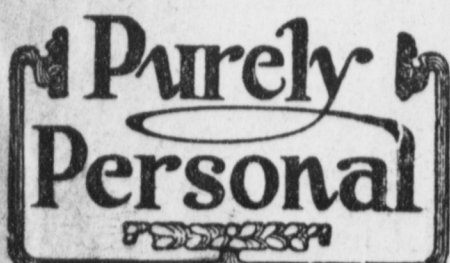
FARMERS

Mike Brown is your friend!

We invite you to make our store your own. Come in Buggy buyers-in-waiting, if you want some rare bargains in buggies, just say so. If you show us the money, you can make the price. We would rather have the money, just now, than the buggies. Come in.

Mike Brown

THE SQUARE DEAL MAN



Mrs. W. G. Lewis and daughter, Miss Annabelle, are visiting in Cincinnati today.

Mrs. Thomas Downing of Louisville is visiting friends at Washington, her former home.

Mrs. S. P. Browning of West Second street has returned home from a week's visit in Louisville.

Mrs. Thomas Sentney of Birmingham, Ala., is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. P. D. Thompson of East Second street.

Mrs. Nora K. Brown of West Fourth street, is home after a nice month's delightful visit with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Samuel F. Daugherty and son, Hiram Jr., of Covington are visiting Mr. Daugherty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Daugherty, Central Hotel. Young Hiram is the pride and hope of his granddaddy, H. B. Daugherty.

PIMENTO CHEESE!

Try a pound. It is a full N. Y. Cream Cheese with the Pimentos made into it. We carry BRICK, LIMBURGER, ROQUEFORT and any kind you want.

GEISEL & CONRAD.

Seasonable Suggestions!

Just received, NEW Evaporated Peaches and Apricots, Buckwheat and Pancake Flour, PURE Maple Syrup, Fancy Eating Apples. Join the throng of satisfied drinkers of El Perco Coffee. We can furnish the best Aluminum Coffee Percolators at manufacturers' cost.

The Quality Grocer. **J. C. CABLISH**
Masonic Temple Bldg.

Shingles! Shingles! Shingles!

A Million of Them!

We have just received two carloads of Clear Red Cedar. We bought them when the price was low and we will sell them at the lowest possible price. We also have Cypress and Poplar Shingles and we are over-stocked and forced to sell. Bring your wagon with you. We guarantee prices, and will more than meet competition. Come in and see. And don't you forget that now is the time to get shingles at

THE MASON LUMBER CO.
Incorporated.
Cor. Limestone and Second Streets. 'Phone 519.
Agents for Deering Machinery.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

The Lucky Number

13973 is the number drawn on the \$50 at the Pastime last night. Holder of same must present this coupon by 7 o'clock Monday night. A second drawing will take place on this date if the coupon fails to appear.

Central Presbyterian Church

Special services every night during the coming week. This is a week of prayer in the interest of home missions, a cause which should engage the thought and prayer of every Christian. Everybody is cordially invited. Services each night at 7 o'clock.

Straight Record

Colonel R. B. Lovel, as a pure and undefiled Democrat has a record that few can equal and none surpass. Since 1860 the Colonel has voted for the following Presidential candidates—

1860—John C. Breckinridge.
1864—George B. McClelland.
1868—Horatio Seymour.
1872—Horace Greely.
1876—Samuel J. Tilden.
1880—W. S. Hancock.
1884—Grover Cleveland.
1888—Grover Cleveland.
1892—Grover Cleveland.
1896—W. J. Bryan.
1900—W. J. Bryan.
1904—Alton B. Parker.
1908—W. J. Bryan.
1912—Woodrow Wilson.

COMBINED OPPOSITION

Of Democrats and Third Termers Too Much For Longworth

WASHINGTON, November 15th.—Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati sent today the following telegram:

"CINCINNATI, O., November 15th, 1912
"Editor Post, Washington: Lost by 90 votes. Could not withstand combined opposition of Democrats and Bull Moose. Laid up for repairs."
"NICHOLAS LONGWORTH"

KENTUCKY BAPTISTS

To Meet at Lexington Next Year—Woman's Auxiliary Elects Officers

MADISONVILLE, KY., November 15th.—The next meeting of the General Association of Kentucky Baptists will be held at Lexington, that city winning over Newport. The association disposed of much business today and will adjourn.

At a mass meeting on missions over \$30,000 was pledged for state work, or twice the amount ever subscribed in one year.

WOMAN'S UNION

Home Mission Meeting at the First Presbyterian Church on November 19th, 1912

PROGRAM.

Morning Session—10 o'clock.
Devotional—Leader, Miss Sallie Burrows.
Music.
Home Missions in Our Churches—
First Presbyterian Church.....Miss Rains
Central Presbyterian Church.....Miss Noyes
Baptist Church.....Miss Curtis
Christian Church.....Miss Young
Episcopal Church.....Miss Gill
M. E. Church, South.....Miss Best
Music.
City Mission Work—Miss Hard.
Adjournment.

Afternoon Session—2 o'clock.
Devotional—Leader, Mrs. Sharp.
Solo—Miss Amy King.
Address, "America's Needs and Opportunities"—Mrs. Sarah K. Yancey.
Music.
Needlework.

NOTICE TO GAS CONSUMERS

A break in Columbia Main Gas Line occurred near Tollesboro shortly after 8 o'clock this morning. Force of men are at work on repairs. Mayville is receiving gas from supply stored in pipe line. This supply will last for several hours, possibly until afternoon. If line is not repaired by noon Mayville will be out of gas until repairs are completed.

Consumers are cautioned to be watchful of their fires and all gas being used. If supply fails turn off all valves until it has been ascertained from Gas Office that the gas pressure is on again.

MAYSVILLE GAS CO.
By HORACE J. COCHRAN.

WEATHER REPORT

FAIR TODAY AND SUNDAY AND COLDER.

The Only Place in Mayville

To see a representative line of Victor-Victrolas. Every style \$15, \$25, \$40, \$50 up to \$200. Murphy, the Jeweler, will gladly play them for you.

Mrs. Virginia Williams of Commerce street, if home after a three weeks' visit with the family of her son, R. H. Williams at Huntington, W. Va.

SPECIAL OFFER!

All new subscribers and all those paying up past dues for THE PUBLIC LEDGER, and who pay \$2, one year's subscription, cash, will be given the paper from now until January 1st, 1914.

Rose Glycerine CREAM!

Our own make of Glycerine Cream for chapped face and hands. Keeps the skin soft and white. Insures the most delicate complexion from rough, chapped skin

10c

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. "Big Drugstore with the Little Price."

D. HECHINGER & CO.

SATURDAY SPECIALS

Better Jeans Pants, at \$1.20, better Corduroy Pants at \$1.85, better Underwear at 45c and better Men's Sweaters at 45c than you will find in any other store in Mayville. Compare.

Brown and Black Velour and Fur Hats, \$3 quality, \$2 Saturday. Cool weather should interest you in our magnificent line of Chinchilla and Fur Beaver Overcoats, the grandest garments ever sold in Mayville.

We haven't the space to enumerate the reductions in Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits we will make on Saturday.

Another shipment of our now widely celebrated Worsted, Plaited-Back Raglan Sleeve Raincoats. Since we bought the last lot these garments have advanced 20%. As long as they last we continue to sell them at \$10.

Extra help in our Shoe Department next Saturday. You will not be detained waiting to be waited on.

D. HECHINGER & CO. Mayville's Leading Clothing and Shoe Shop.

Mrs. P. H. King of West Fourth street has received a letter from Mrs. Joseph McIntosh of Indianapolis, Ind., stating that her mother, Mrs. John Alexander, was critically ill at her home in that city. Mrs. Alexander was formerly Miss Mary Gibson of Mayville, where she has relatives and friends.

Miss Amy Calhoun, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Hurt of Ottawa, Ill., arrived home last evening. Miss Amy's several years stay in Illinois has improved her health wonderfully as her excellent and fine appearance plainly indicates. Her many friends will rejoice at her home-coming.

The remains of Mrs. Margaret McNamara, who died Wednesday night at her home in Portsmouth, O., accompanied by her eight children, passed through here this morning for Carlisle where the funeral will take place today.

THE COVER-ALL.

Children's Sleeping Garments completely cover little ones and prevent chilling the body during the night hours when circulation is low.

The knit fabric contains a small percentage of fine wool, just enough to absorb the perspiration of the body and avoid the clammy effect common to all garments made exclusively of cotton.

The cotton and the wool are double carded with infinite care and so thoroughly mixed that every thread has its exact portion.

The fabric is specially designed on correct, hygienic principles to keep the body both dry and warm and thus induce healthful sleep.

The fabric is washed and shrunk before cutting and positively will not shrink or scratch.

1 to 9-year sizes.

LUXURIOUS COMFORTS

Perhaps you think comfort quality varies slightly—that all comforts at \$1.00 are pretty much alike. Well we want you to examine as many \$1.00 comforts as you possibly can, then tell us what you think of ours. After many years experience in comfort buying and selling, we unhesitatingly declare these \$1.00 Comforts the greatest values for the price ever offered.

1852

HUNT'S

1912

Smoke Masonian and La Tosca, 5 cents

Regular meeting of Mayville Council No. 1377, K. of C., Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance desired.
THOMAS W. BREEN, G. K.
John McAllister, Secretary.

Now is the time to buy your winter coal. See Dryden, Limestone street. (Advertisement)

The most select line of Red Seal records ever in Mayville. November records also on sale at Murphy's Jewelry Store.

When needing dental work call on Cartmel

This morning was the chilliest of the season, the temperature being down to 24. Jack Frost had been busy and all out of doors was etched with azure and white making a panorama of loveliness.

The Ledger Giving Dishes Away

We have 20 sets of beautiful blue and gold enameled dishes, 45 pieces to the set, good enough for any Thanksgiving table, \$2 per set to new subscribers paying one year in advance—\$6 in all. Come in and examine them.

The Straw Vote

Shows that every Three out of Four Suits or Coats that are being worn in Mayville come from our store. The fourth one is very often an old one. Why not be on the winning side? Buy your Coat or Suit at our store, where the style is right, where the garments are correct, where a perfect fit is guaranteed.

SUITS, \$12.50 to \$29.

COATS, \$4.98 to \$29.

DRESSES, \$4.98 to \$25.

Better Shoes

For the Same Money!

More good Shoes have arrived by express.

Ladies' Gun Metal and Tan Button High Shoes that we are selling at \$4.25 are now being sold in the large cities at \$5 pair.

"Regal Shoes" for men are the "sole" of perfection. \$3.50 to \$5.

We know there are no better Men's WORKING SHOES made than the KIND we sell. \$3 and \$3.50.

MERZ BROS.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

A German says electricity will cure insomnia. But with fatal results.

Turkey does not seem to have done much for Europe except exist there.

It is not difficult to make the janitor believe in that rumor of a coal famine.

On the other hand, it frequently happens that motorcycle riders are not hurt.

"Everybody's going to get a red nose," declares a St. Louis physician. Happy days!

Radium is advanced as a cure for gout. Gout always was a bloated plutocrat's disease.

A Pittsburg tramp was arrested with 1,000 pennies in his pocket. He was coppers, all right.

A woman has been appointed controller of Atlantic City. Control fashions, bathing suits, or what?

Electric lights have now been used about thirty years, but some people are still blowing out the gas.

A German scientist says that telephone make the modern man crazy. He must be on a four-party line.

A Newport woman was fined for wearing a dress which she hid in her hat. Bet it was a bathing suit.

An Ontario doctor advocates hot baths as a cure for delirium tremens. Lack of whisky would serve the same end.

The lord mayor of London may be some person; but there isn't one in a thousand on this side can tell his name.

Brussels has had a marriage on bicycles. In the course of a century or two they may advance to aeroplanes.

A prize hen in Missouri has laid 260 eggs in eleven months. What was the hen doing on the other seventy odd days?

"Love cannot thrive on less than \$20 a week," says a New York clergyman, thus giving us a line on the cost of living.

A German professor says that cooking is a lost art, but look at the lovely fruit salads our girls are making nowadays.

Queen Mary refuses to employ a typewriter for her private correspondence. Perhaps she wants her epistles correctly spelled.

When informed that \$350,000 had been stolen from him a Moscow merchant dropped dead. Poverty suffers from no such shocks.

A torpedo boat destroyer hit a barge in the Delaware river and was badly damaged. One can't be too careful of these frail war craft.

"Paris is adopting American dances," says a dispatch. We're surely doing some when we can teach Paris anything in that line.

A Cornell professor announces that a new ice age is about to strike the earth. Thank goodness, one commodity will go down in price then.

Government scientists who are to raise vegetables by electricity may have noted the success with which many people raise Cain under the glow of the arc lights.

A German scientist has invented a machine that you feed vegetables into and get real milk from. It's a safe bet there is a pump around it somewhere.

So far as the reports go, none of the prehistoric cave paintings in Europe thus far discovered is an interpretation of moonlight or a still life portrait of a pan of fried eggs.

German duellists are in a dilemma. It is a disgrace to refuse a challenge, and they'll be sent to prison if they fight. The only solution appears for them to be killed.

In the old days the happy Eskimo was able to go out and for three fish hooks buy the prettiest girl in the igloo for his wife. That was before he was discovered. Now, the girls pay for the husbands.

After July 1 of next year Louisiana shoe dealers will have to sell pure goods or be liable to punishment. Polar explorers will now know where to procure the footwear containing the greatest nourishment.

Prof. Flynn advocates hair pulling as a cure for baldness, but there's many a man minus his hirsute adornment who won't agree with him.

In the Isle of Man, the wedding ring was formerly employed as an instrument of torture. It is in this country today, in many instances.

Dictators of fashion state that the waist line may be placed this season wherever the wearer chooses. However, it probably will continue in the same old place.

A Yale professor says the average American wastes fifteen years of his life. But he'd soon die if he worked all the time, and there you are.

Fashionable eastern society women are leaving their dog's card with their own when making calls. The dog, poor thing, can only suffer in silence.

Engineers in Egypt have succeeded in using the sun's heat to generate steam, but we all cannot go to Africa just to save money on the coal bill.

WILSON CARRIES FORTY STATES

DEMOCRATS WILL HAVE CONTROL OF BOTH HOUSES OF NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

HIGHEST ELECTORAL VOTE

Victors Capture 433 Electors—Progressive Ticket Is Second in Race—Republicans Have Two States.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Cincinnati, O.—The election of Tuesday, November 5th, resulted in the victory of a Democratic presidential ticket for the first time in 20 years. The tabulated vote will be found in another column of this issue. For the first time in 18 years the Democratic party has captured the executive and legislative branches of the national government, and will be in position to take positive control of the situation March 4.



Woodrow Wilson, President-Elect.

Woodrow Wilson's vote in the electoral college will be 433, William Howard Taft will have 8, and Theodore Roosevelt is credited with 9. The Wilson vote marks a new record in national elections, although his popular vote probably will be less than that of any president elected since 1892.

In the overthrow of the Republican party, 18 Democratic governors were chosen out of the 27 voted for.

Enough state legislatures were changed from Republican to Democratic to overcome the Republican majority in the senate, the figures giving the victorious party a clear majority of two in the upper house of the national legislature, and Miles Poindexter, elected from Washington as a Progressive, announcing that he will bolt the Republican caucus when he returns to Washington.

In addition to the election of successors to Democratic senators now sitting Democrats will displace Republican senators from Oregon, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, Delaware and Nevada, and will fill the vacancy in Colorado with a man of their choosing.

Bull Moose Is Second.

When it became apparent that Wilson had swept the country main interest centered in the country main interest centered in the race between Taft and Roosevelt, the party winning second place gaining many advantages, such as representatives on nonpartisan commissions and on election boards. While the Bull Moose ticket undoubtedly has an aggregate vote in the country much greater than that of the regular Republicans, it came in third on state tickets in many important commonwealths, notably New York, Ohio and Illinois, and in the latter state the election board issue already has been decided in favor of the Republican organization.

The strength of the Socialist vote is one of the features of the election, especially in the industrial centers of the Middle West, where in more than one place Debs outran his three presidential rivals. The one national asset of the Socialist party, Representative Victor Berger, however, went down to defeat in his efforts to secure re-election from the Milwaukee district, and several Socialist city governments were rebuffed by the voters by retirement from office.

President Taft captures two states—one in New England and the other in the far West. Roosevelt took one Eastern state, two from the Middle West and one from the far West and one Pacific coast state. Wilson took all the others.

Four States Give Women Votes.

Additional interest was furnished in several states by the submission of woman's suffrage to the voters at the regular election. As a result four states, Michigan, Oregon, Kansas and Arizona were added to the six wherein women already had the ballot. With ten states giving to women equal political rights with men the friends of the movement claim that the nationwide success of woman suffrage is not far distant. Prohibition was submitted in West Virginia and Colorado, winning in the former and suffering defeat in the latter.

WILL NOT DISCUSS POLITICS.

Princeton, N. J.—President-elect Woodrow Wilson intends to follow out his listening policy for several weeks before making any announcements of important matters of state. The president-elect said he had decided to go away on a vacation of three or four weeks, during which time he would be out of reach of political callers. It is probable that he will make known very little about the policy of his future administration before January 1. He will then listen to advisors.

POPULAR AND ELECTORAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENT

State	Wilson	Roosevelt	Taft	Debs	Chaffin
Alabama	13	68,800	19,000	8,350	2,600
Arizona	3	18,454	11,235	4,705	1,800
Arkansas	9	96,200	27,520	83,600	19,500
California	13	332,260	229,345	3,083	8,500
Colorado	8	105,000	78,000	75,000	10,400
Connecticut	10	115,000	103,000	67,238	2,895
Delaware	3	21,000	13,000	12,000	475
Florida	6	38,000	7,000	8,000	4,220
Georgia	14	102,465	28,702	9,978	928
Idaho	4	48,000	23,000	20,000	6,000
Illinois	29	403,827	280,138	43,000	7,800
Indiana	15	252,000	145,000	132,000	21,000
Iowa	13	231,855	216,831	155,748	20,000
Kansas	10	115,000	103,000	67,238	2,895
Kentucky	13	131,467	93,035	80,000	20,000
Louisiana	10	65,000	13,750	4,000	2,500
Maine	6	60,946	48,387	26,504	1,820
Maryland	10	115,000	103,000	67,238	2,895
Massachusetts	18	170,995	140,132	144,843	2,801
Michigan	21	210,000	155,000	100,000	17,735
Minnesota	10	101,000	116,000	7,600	13,731
Mississippi	13	251,383	145,238	215,868	20,000
Missouri	13	251,383	145,238	215,868	20,000
Montana	4	44,920	22,540	27,760	12,507
Nebraska	8	109,000	7,400	68,000	5,777
Nevada	3	38,554	19,312	3,705	2,107
New Hampshire	4	54,846	32,000	110,000	1,800
New Jersey	14	168,000	123,000	110,000	1,800
New Mexico	3	27,000	22,000	15,000	1,058
New York	45	648,065	323,500	477,274	44,000
North Carolina	13	186,000	80,000	85,000	584
North Dakota	5	85,000	27,500	26,000	2,870
Ohio	24	446,700	253,504	312,600	43,292
Oklahoma	8	120,000	50,000	50,000	27,504
Oregon	5	24,480	22,000	22,000	3,508
Pennsylvania	27	407,447	443,708	315,145	100,000
Rhode Island	5	60,239	18,488	27,705	1,350
South Carolina	8	60,000	60,000	3,000	108
South Dakota	6	60,000	60,000	3,000	108
Tennessee	13	121,000	78,000	68,000	2,342
Texas	20	220,000	47,500	35,000	11,580
Utah	4	85,000	35,000	35,000	6,720
Vermont	3	15,397	22,233	23,247	1,128
Virginia	13	78,681	18,770	21,121	1,720
Washington	9	113,130	126,285	75,145	17,423
West Virginia	5	113,130	126,285	75,145	17,423
Wisconsin	13	212,500	85,000	173,000	69,000
Wyoming	3	18,200	8,000	16,000	2,300
Total	445	6,497,580	774,325,554	8,703,196	745,583

Make Up of Sixty-third Congress. Governors Elect Their Party Affiliations and Pluralities.

State	Representatives	Senators	Governors
Alabama	10	2	Democratic
Arizona	1	1	Democratic
Arkansas	1	1	Democratic
California	5	2	Democratic
Colorado	4	2	Democratic
Connecticut	5	2	Democratic
Delaware	1	1	Democratic
Florida	4	2	Democratic
Georgia	12	2	Democratic
Idaho	3	2	Democratic
Illinois	20	3	Democratic
Indiana	13	3	Democratic
Iowa	6	3	Democratic
Kansas	6	2	Democratic
Kentucky	2	1	Democratic
Louisiana	8	2	Democratic
Maine	1	1	Democratic
Maryland	6	2	Democratic
Massachusetts	10	2	Democratic
Michigan	13	3	Democratic
Minnesota	9	2	Democratic
Mississippi	8	2	Democratic
Missouri	12	3	Democratic
Montana	2	1	Democratic
Nebraska	3	2	Democratic
Nevada	1	1	Democratic
New Hampshire	1	1	Democratic
New Jersey	12	3	Democratic
New Mexico	1	1	Democratic
New York	13	3	Democratic
North Carolina	10	3	Democratic
North Dakota	4	2	Democratic
Ohio	20	3	Democratic
Oklahoma	2	1	Democratic
Oregon	5	2	Democratic
Pennsylvania	22	3	Democratic
Rhode Island	1	1	Democratic
South Carolina	7	2	Democratic
South Dakota	5	2	Democratic
Tennessee	10	3	Democratic
Texas	18	3	Democratic
Utah	2	1	Democratic
Vermont	1	1	Democratic
Virginia	10	3	Democratic
Washington	8	3	Democratic
West Virginia	4	2	Democratic
Wisconsin	12	3	Democratic
Wyoming	1	1	Democratic
Total	131	12	45

Popular Vote for President at Election of 1908.

State	Taft	Bryan	Chaffin	Debs
Alabama	26,305	74,774	1,962	1,347
Arizona	57,791	85,894	1,151	8,759
Arkansas	214,390	127,492	11,770	28,659
California	122,242	126,544	8,559	1,974
Colorado	112,518	68,258	2,380	6,113
Connecticut	25,007	22,072	677	240
Delaware	21,000	13,000	12,000	475
Florida	41,922	72,350	1,059	684
Georgia	62,657	60,196	9,003	6,405
Idaho	48,000	23,000	20,000	6,000
Illinois	348,995	338,262	18,045	15,476
Indiana	275,210	290,771	18,327	8,287
Iowa	232,981	269,302	18,327	8,287
Kansas	161,200	161,200	18,327	8,287
Kentucky	235,711	244,092	6,887	4,000
Louisiana	66,937	35,403	1,457	2,532
Maine	115,118	115,908	3,202	2,323
Maryland	125,965	125,965	4,374	10,779
Massachusetts	323,313	174,313	16,706	11,227
Michigan	323,313	174,313	16,706	11,227
Minnesota	165,835	109,401	10,114	14,429
Mississippi	128	40,476	1,446	1,446
Missouri	344,915	345,889	12,112	13,338
Montana	32,333	29,228	827	5,855
Nebraska	128,000	128,000	1,446	1,446
Nevada	10,214	10,653	2,029	2,029
New Hampshire	53,742	35,665	1,299	1,299
New Jersey	295,298	182,622	4,980	10,249
New Mexico	114,324	126,544	3,083	8,500
North Carolina	57,741	32,933	1,156	2,424
Ohio	672,312	602,721	11,402	33,795
Oklahoma	62,657	60,196	9,003	6,405
Oregon	62,657	60,196	9,003	6,405
Pennsylvania	745,779	448,785	86,654	33,913
Rhode Island	43,242	24,724	1,016	1,385
So. Carolina	8,563	62,258	1,000	1,000
So. Dakota	67,498	40,266	4,039	2,846
Tennessee	165,835	109,401	10,114	14,429
Texas	61,905	42,500	4,886	4,886
Utah	61,905	42,500	4,886	4,886
Vermont	61,905	42,500	4,886	4,886
Virginia	62,657	60,196	9,003	6,405
Washington	137,969	111,418	6,139	3,679
West Virginia	217,747	168,823	11,664	21,164
Wisconsin	20,348	14,913	6	1,715
Wyoming	7,677,021	6,406,132	250,481	412,330

Electoral Vote for President at Election of 1908.

The critical eye of a conscientious
 biographer was attracted by the
 in above a Third avenue luncheon.
 and he went to set the proprietor
 down. "Yes," said the luncheon
 man, "I know 'sandwiches' is wrong,
 but you see that sign attracts a lot
 of 'smart Alecks' into the store who
 want to teach me how to spell and
 then they come to see they usually stop
 long enough to order something.
 That'll yours be?"—New York Trib-
 une.

Vegetarian Menu.

The menu of a meal given lately by
 the London Vegetarian association in-
 cluded the following:—broth, brown
 cake, cauliflower and new potatoes,
 paragon on toast, spaghetti on toast,
 maize farcie and young carrots.

What He Did.

"What have you ever done for me?"
 complained the young man whose fa-
 ther had chided him for his inability
 to get ahead. "Well, I kept your
 name from naming you Percy or
 Erance."

Men Need Help—Not Charity.

There is a higher duty than to build
 almshouses for the poor, and that is
 to save men from being degraded to
 the blighting influence of an alms-
 house. Man has a right to something
 more than bread to keep him from
 starving. He has a right to the aids
 and encouragements and culture, by
 which he may fulfill the destiny of a
 man, and until society is brought to
 recognize and reverence this it will
 continue to groan under its present
 miseries.—Channing.

Wanted to Live in History.

Some men's idea of fame is cer-
 tainly a distorted one. A murderer
 in South Carolina pleaded for the
 privilege of being the first man to be
 electrocuted when that new mode of
 execution was introduced into the
 state.

Forbidden Gaitly Palls.

People of the greatest gait of man-
 ners are often the dullest company
 imaginable. Nothing is so dreary as
 the conversation or writing of the pro-
 fessed wag.—Hassitt.

Bible Was Put into Rhyme.

Versification, not only of the
 Psalms but of the other books of the
 Bible, were numerous in the sixteenth
 century. One of the most prolific
 versifiers was William Hunnis, who,
 under such fanciful titles as "Seven
 Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin,"
 "A Handful of Honeysuckles," "A
 Hivetail of Honey," etc., published a
 number of rhyming versions of Gene-
 sis and Job, which are now worth
 their weight in gold to the bibli-
 maniac.

Insane Asylums.

The great Greek physicians had de-
 voted much attention to insanity, and
 some of their precepts, as interpreted
 modern discoveries, but no lunatic as-
 ylum appears to have existed in an-
 tiquity. In the first period of the
 monastic life a refuge is said to have
 been opened for the insane at Jerusa-
 lem, but this appears to have been a
 solitary instance, arising from ex-
 igencies of a single class, and it may
 be said that no lunatic asylum ex-
 isted in Christian Europe until about

ABANDONED TO THE MONTENEGRIN FORCES



OUR illustration is from a photograph of a part of the Turkish village of Berane absolutely abandoned by the inhabitants on the approach of the victorious Montenegrin army.

RICH INDIAN LAND

Fort Peck Reservation Ready for Settlers Next Spring.

Last Big Tract Left in West—Soil Unusually Productive in Grain, As Shown By Progress Made By Tribes Themselves.

Butte, Mont.—Two million acres of land in Montana, now known as the Fort Peck Indian reservation, will be thrown open for settlement by the government next spring. This is the last large tract of public land in the west that has not been opened to settlers.

Inasmuch as less than one per cent of this land has been cultivated and all of it is said to be fertile, it is estimated that the harvest will be enriched by 20,000,000 bushels of grain a year after it is settled and developed. The share of this tract allotted to Indians of many tribes is 723,693 acres. The rest is uncultivated.

"On the supposition that the uncultivated lands were devoted to the growing of wheat on the summer fallow, which would mean that one-half the area would be in crop at one time, and on the further supposition that the wheat would yield 25 bushels per acre, which is a moderate estimate for yields on land thus prepared, the aggregate production would be 31,250,000 bushels," Thomas Shaw, agricultural expert, estimates.

Prof. Shaw further says: "If this land were entirely devoted to the growing of barley on the summer fallow plan, the yield would be 30,900,000 bushels, as barley grown on such land should average 40 bushels per acre. If the entire area were devoted to the growing of oats on the same lines, the total production would be 38,425,000 bushels, as 50 bushels per acre would not be an extravagant estimate for land thus farmed."

The Fort Peck reservation will also be the scene of a unique event when the first county fair ever held by Indian tribes will open there. At this fair will be shown the rapid progress made by the red men in extensive agriculture after only a few years of instruction in modern farming methods.

There will be exhibited at this time some unusual specimens of grain and grasses that will also be entered later in the year at eastern land shows in competition with prize products of the white man. This progress has all been made in the last two years, since before that time hardly any of the land was being developed with modern methods.

A year ago the Great Northern railroad sent a representative body of the tribes inhabiting this region to the New York land show to give them an opportunity to see what the white man was doing to wrest a living from the soil. The exhibits there were carefully studied, and the representatives returned to their prairie homes with ideas as revolutionary as they proved to be profitable. Instead of truck farmers living in tepees, they resolved to be ranchers living in comfortable cottages overlooking thousands of acres. That they went to work with a vim is shown by the fact that at the present time there are twice as many acres of land under cultivation as there were a year ago.

Agriculture is not the only form of American civilization the Indians on this reservation have assimilated. They have also learned to play football.

The Indian civilization will not be entirely overshadowed by what has been learned from the white man, however, all the old tribal customs will be perpetuated in dances and ceremonies that have been handed down for centuries.

The Sioux will hold their annual festival at which all the weird rites of their forefathers will be used.

COFFEE "DOPED," ALMOST DIE.
Owner of Shelter Cabin in Colorado Had Prepared Concoction for Thieves.

Denver, Colo.—When it comes to narrow escapes on the part of the law, the story of George W. Smith is about as good as the record.

Before the deer season opened Smith left Denver for a visit to Gunnison and a tour of the surrounding country.

BOYS ARE TRAPPED BY TIDE

They Shout and Fire Shotguns Until Help Comes After Night-fall.

Philadelphia.—Clinging to the stump of a tree on an inundated island in Darby creek, Edward Haberle, 18 years old, and Winfield Toy, 16 years old, both of Collingsdale, were rescued with the water within a few inches of their feet and high tide still coming in.

The young men were exhausted and collapsed when taken into a boat that had gone from Collingsdale to their rescue.

Early in the afternoon Haberle and Toy, armed with shotguns, started out to hunt blackbirds. At low tide there are numerous small islands in the "broken meadows," and the boys wandered in search of game. Toward evening they suddenly awoke to a realization that the tide was rising and that they were cut off from the mainland. Neither of them could swim, so they climbed up the trunk of a dead tree that extended five feet above the level of the island.

Darkness was coming on, and the boys in terror, shouted for help. Their cries were unanswered. Then they started to fire their guns. Each had about fifteen rounds of ammunition, and they fired every shot before attracting attention. Just as they had

GIRL HOOKS SHARK

Man-Eater Pulled in From Deck of Ocean Liner.

Young Tourist in Casting Lines in Water for Amusement When She Gets a Real Bite and Makes a Record Catch.

New York.—Shark fishing has long since assumed the proportions of a gentle art down Costa Rica way, according to the stock tales of returning tourists, but it remained for a winsome Brooklyn girl—Miss Cecile Des Place—to startle the natives with a catch that set angler tongues wagging all up and down the wild coast. With fifteen minutes fishing for her credit, Miss Des Place landed a 300-pound man-eating shark that set the populace of Port Limon by the ears and caused her name to be displayed in scarehead type in the Costa Rican dailies. Her coup was set down as an epoch marker in a country where men haul up the monsters of the deep for a living and make big catches every day of the week.

Miss Des Place arrived home aboard the Hamburg-American liner Prinz August Wilhelm, and in her traveling bag were several long teeth pulled from the head of her big sensational catch as souvenirs. She intends to have them appropriately mounted and set up as an ornament in her parlor of the Des Place home in Brooklyn. The pretty shark catcher manifested considerable diffidence in discussing her coup over at the pier the morning, but there were plenty of her friends on board who were not averse to telling just how it happened.

"You see, it was this way," one of them explained. "We were anchored in the harbor of Port Limon, one of the prettiest on the Costa Rican coast, by the way, and the tourists on board for want of something more profitable to do fell to casting lines into the clear limpid water that swished so rhythmically alongside the vessel. Miss Des Place watched the

While in the hills Smith and a friend became lost, and found themselves, chilled by a storm at the high altitude, wandering around with little to eat and no place to go. Finally they came to a cowboy's cabin, furnished for occupancy, and entered.

They found some coffee in a can, and made a plentiful supply. It was so warm and refreshing and tasted so good that Smith drank five cups. Then he had a pain and was seized with violent cramps. The friend was deathly sick, too, but found five small

given up hope, Charley Hutt, who had heard the shots from a distance, appeared on the bank of Darby creek. He called to the boys to swim across, and when he learned that neither could swim, told them to remain where they were until he summoned help. Hutt communicated with the Collingsdale police, and Policemen Diehl, Jones and Trumbach jumped into a boat and rowed swiftly to the scene.

It was so dark when the rescue boat arrived that the policemen could not see the boys, and had to be guided by their shouts. According to the police, the tree trunk upon which the young men took refuge is completely covered when the tide reaches its highest mark.

JAIL RESTORES HIS MEMORY

Sight of Prison Brings Back Mind of a Convict at Everett, Wash., Jail.

Everett, Wash.—Robert Carlson, a logger, who had forgotten his name and past life, and who had been brought here under guard from Arlington to be examined for insanity, regained his memory at sight of prison walls. He was booked as John Doe Christensen. When the jailer tried to question him, he suddenly blurted out:

"I know you. I have been here before. I was in the upstairs corridor four years ago."

Search of the records proved his statements.

Advices Theft of Railroad. Joliet, Ill.—"If you steal, steal something worth while. Don't steal anything less than a railroad," said Judge Hooper in sentencing John Rush, colored, for the theft of nine dollars.

For a while and then expressed a desire to try her hand. Her request was granted, and what do you think? No sooner had she settled to a watch on the bobbing cork than the line stretched taut and something began making away with the other end of it.

"Miss Des Place was jerked against the railing and might have gone overboard had not two or three of her companions grabbed her. Stronger hands seized the line, and after a thirty-minute tussle we got the 'catch' aboard. It was the biggest catch of the day regardless of vessel or point on shore. It was a shark just like the pictures you see in those wild sea stories. We weighed the monster and the scales tipped 300 pounds. Of course no woman in Costa Rica had ever accomplished a feat of that magnitude before, and Miss Des Place was a heroine with the Port Limon folk during the remainder of our stay there."

The heroine agreed in the generalities of the story, but professed too much modesty to go into details from her viewpoint.

"It was merely an accident," she said, and let it go at that.

9 STITCHES TAKEN IN HEART

Remarkable Case in Philadelphia of a Man Who Was Stabbed and Survives Ordeal.

Philadelphia.—John Thompson, a negro, has just left the Pennsylvania hospital well and strong after surviving the operation of having nine stitches taken in his heart.

Thompson was stabbed in a quarrel seventy-seven days ago. The knife penetrated deep into his heart and the hospital doctors had little hope of saving his life. He was operated on within two hours and the wound was sewed up without delay. Not only did he live through the operation, but he began immediately to improve, and today he was declared as well and as strong as before he was wounded.

bottles of oil, which the two used as an emetic. After the oil Smith's friend made him take a pint of warm water. To this heretic treatment the Denver man owes his life.

Smith's friend, after administering the emetic, went to secure aid and found the ranchman who owned the cabin. The cattleman explained that he had dozed the coffee with strychnine to stop blanket thieves who had been visiting his cabin. Stealing from a shelter cabin is a high crime on the range.

INFORMATION WANTED

By JULIUS CAREY.

Sylvester was limping slightly as he approached the breakfast table, but Mrs. Sylvester, having troubles of her own, did not comment upon it. "I believe I must have a touch of rheumatism," she remarked, lifting the coffee pot wearily.

"Whatever that may be!" responded her husband scornfully. "The truth of the matter probably is that you got all tired out running up and down stairs when you were cleaning the attic yesterday."

"Oh, it certainly can't be that," she replied, "because you know, the doctors say now that running up and down stairs is the very best kind of exercise."

"The doctors!" he scoffed, trying as he spoke to find a comfortable position for his left leg. "If we are going to do all the fool things the doctors advise, or refrain from doing all the desirable things they forbid, we shall have a delightful time of it!"

"It grieves me to think," he continued, "how many good things I've missed because the doctors forbade them, only to be told a little later that it didn't make any difference, after all. I shall never cease to regret the rich red beefsteaks I didn't eat during a period when I fondly trusted in the assertion of the doctors that red meat caused rheumatism."

"They've found out now that it's strawberries," said Mrs. Sylvester. "I was reading an article yesterday, by a doctor—"

"No doubt you were," interrupted her husband. "It's just the time of the year that the medical fraternity would choose for the publication of an article denouncing strawberries—right in the season when they are the most tempting. Why, I had a dish for luncheon yesterday that made life seem worth living again. So the doctors have combined to deprive us of the solace of eating fresh strawberries, have they? Well, they can't work it on me this time! I'm a patient creature, but my patience has its limits. Not till I've forgotten the long dreary winter, during which I abstained from eating raw oysters for fear of typhoid, only to read in the first month of the year without an R an article by some noted medical man asserting that the percentage of typhoid due to oysters is so small as to be negligible."

"It's best to be on the safe side," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"The safe side, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Oh, certainly! You got a great deal of comfort out of being on the safe side when you used to arrange all the grape seeds so carefully along the edge of your plate. If you swallowed a single one by mistake you worried for weeks in fear of an attack of appendicitis! I don't notice you troubling much about grape seeds in late years. And why? Simply because your feminine credulity has been satisfied by the assertion of some doctor that grape seeds are not the cause of appendicitis, after all!"

Mrs. Sylvester began to look alarmed.

"We have been exhorted to wear flannels and not to wear flannels," he went on. "We've been admonished to drink water during meals, after having been solemnly warned never to do so."

"They do seem to change their minds pretty often," admitted Mrs. Sylvester.

Sylvester continued oratorically: "Each succeeding generation of doctors since the days of Aesculapius, or whatever his name was, has pronounced false the opinions of the preceding generation."

His wife looked thoroughly frightened. "It's perfectly dreadful!" she exclaimed. "I really never thought about it before."

"Ah-ooh!" groaned Sylvester, who had so far forgotten himself as to draw back his left leg quickly.

"What is it, Henry?" asked his wife anxiously. "Oh, I don't know what on earth we should do if you were to get sick, with the doctors all disagreeing and changing their minds every few minutes!"

"Nothing's the matter with me," he replied. "I was about to say, however, that, of course, the doctors are bound to hit it once in a while, and there may be something, after all, in that idea that strawberries cause rheumatism. I've been having a little pain in my left foot for a day or two, and as I've been eating strawberries every day for luncheon, I don't know but it might be a good thing to stop in on my way to the train and ask the doctor what he thinks about it."

"Do!" exclaimed Mrs. Sylvester, as interested that her own aches were forgotten. "It's so much more comfortable to be sure."

Last Omnibus in Paris.

Under the headline "It Was the Last" the Paris Matin tells the story of the passing of the last horse omnibus. The vehicle was one of the last to make way for the motor buses, which now have no opposition except the trolley lines. The driver wore the uniform of a hearsie driver and the women who rode outside were dressed in deep mourning. Inside sat a company of newspaper men. All along the route followed by the "last of its family" the people cheered and sang, and "taken as a whole," says the writer, "it was a most notable function."

Pretty Compliment.

The Disraelis were visiting Strathfeldsaye in the time of the old duke of Wellington. Going up to the bedroom, Disraeli found his wife and her maid making the bed from one side of the room to the other. When he inquired the reason, his wife said: "Well, my dear, the duke sleeps on the other side of the wall, and if I lie against it I can boast that I have slept between the two greatest men in England."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Profit in Travel.

It is worth while to journey, to learn how deceptive is that mirage which forms itself out of distance and nothingness; how good is the land about us, and the life that requires no translation to be understood.—N. S. Shaler.



Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

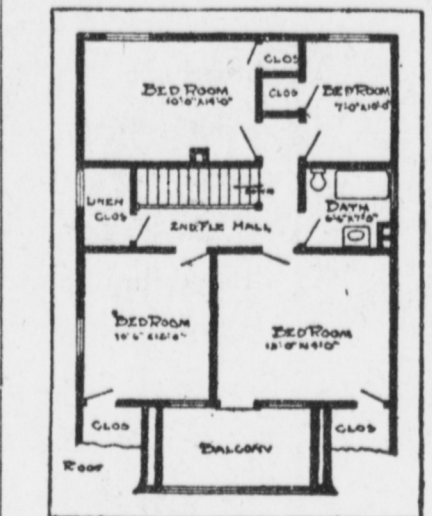
A very neat seven-room suburban home is illustrated in this plan. Of course, one of the rooms upstairs is small; but it works in just right for a sewing room, a nursery for the children or a den. It will prove to be one of the most useful rooms in the house.

Such houses are usually built far enough away from the city to have plenty of play ground for the children. This means that there are children in the family, and where there are children the sewing machine is a very important household help that should be in commission most of the time. This fact makes it very handy at times to have the sewing machine in the dining-room or living room, as we often see it. It is more work to wheel the machine out from its retirement in some dark corner and to get the materials from some out-of-the-way cupboard than to do a small bit of sewing by hand. So a good machine often remains idle just because the house wife has no easy way of getting at it.

Where a house plan admits of having a small room on the second floor that may be utilized for this purpose the architect is not doing justice to the future owner if he fails to work it in. It is handy for a woman's personal use every day in the year and is worth a great deal when you have a periodical visit from the dressmaker. Every woman appreciates a work shop suitable to the business in

relieves the living room of an encumbrance.

The planning of a niche of this kind for the piano is something new in small houses because architects never found a good place until recently that could be utilized without encroaching on other valuable space. We have done away with the second or back parlor and we have tried for years for some satisfactory way of disposing of the furniture necessary to accommodate a lot of friends when they call in the evening and assemble



in one large room. The piano at such times is always in the way, still you want it within easy reach in case of necessity.

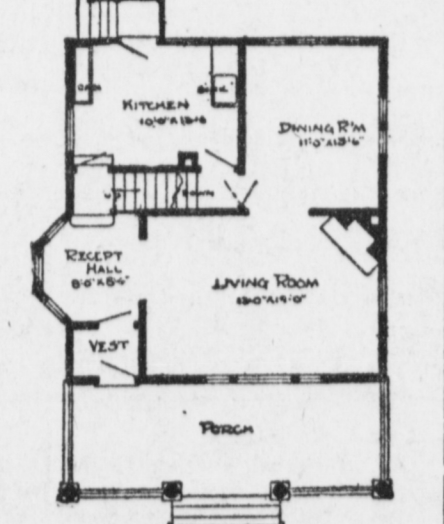
Music is the only polite method known to modern society of discouraging conversation. Every hostess is taxed to her utmost resources at times to control certain acquaintances who insist on entertaining her com-



hand. Most women will make a room of this kind save dollars during the year.

Another feature that every woman likes is the large linen closet. Where you have no attic a large store room of this kind is especially valuable, for besides providing a place for house linen, bedding, etc., it is the proper place for the storage of trunks, suit cases, clothing that is not in every day use, and a great many other things that you want to refer to occasionally.

The roof of this house is different from ordinary houses, which fact alone is something to recommend it, because every house should have a distinct individuality as different as possible from the ordinary. You get tired of seeing a great many houses in the neighborhood all topped with the same style of roof. A roof means a good deal, both in appearance and comfort. A steep roof like this will dry immediately after a shower, while a roof built on a lower pitch will remain wet for hours, sometimes days



at a time during a rainy season and this has a great deal to do with the lasting qualities of shingles. Another advantage of a steep roof is the room you get for closets where the ceiling would be too low for any other purpose.

The down stairs of this plan is exceptionally good. To commence with there is a vestibule that is large enough to hold overcoats, hats, rubbers, umbrellas, and such truck that is very much in the way in a room that is used for any other purpose. Then, as you leave the vestibule you enter a very light, pleasant reception hall that is just right for a music room. You place the piano in the bow window where you have light on both sides. The windows are placed high enough to let the light in over the piano and in the center and over a music rack at the left hand side and a lamp table at the right. An arrangement of this kind not only makes good use of a reception hall, but it

Does a woman feel glad or sorry when she cries at a wedding?

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Unfortunately charity doesn't seem to possess any of the qualities of a boomerang.

Their Use.
"Why do ships have needle guns?"
"To thread their way with, stupid."

Many Children Are Sickly.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powder for Children Breaks up Colds in 24 hours, relieves Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the bowels, and destroys Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

At 2 A. M.
Mrs. Klatter—What is it a sign of when a man stumbles going upstairs?

Mrs. Klatter—I know very well what it's a sign of when my husband does it.

English Stump Speech.
A correspondent. "Old Briney," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter 'h' guv'ment, yer got yer d'minishin' wage, and yer little loaf, an' all that. Watcher got ter do now is ter go fer devil-ootion and local anatomy, an' go 'til blind!" (Loud cheers.)—London Globe.

Scotch Query.
A bluff, consequential gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his head, riding along the Hamilton road, near to Blantyre, asked a herdsboy on the roadside, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "half-way to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye hae come frae, afore I could answer yer question."—Exchange.

Paid Minister in Tinfoli.
The meanest man in the world has been found. He is the man who gave the Rev. Thilo Gore, pastor of the German Lutheran church, an envelope filled with tinfoil for marrying him.

The bride and groom rang Dr. Gore's doorbell late one night and asked him to marry them. As they had a license, he did so. After the ceremony was performed the man handed the minister an envelope which was supposed to contain the fee. He found it contained nothing but several pieces of tinfoil.—Chicago Tribune.

Quite the Thing.
"I told you that if you came tomorrow morning I would give you the money for my wash. Why did you come tonight?" said Miss Philis to the daughter of her landlady.
"I know you said tomorrow morning," responded the girl, "but me mother she told me to come tonight, 'cause she was afraid you might be gone away by tomorrow mornin'."

"I certainly should not go without paying my laundry bill," said Miss Philis sharply. "No respectable woman would do such a thing."
"Oh, yes, ma'am, they would," replied the child knowingly. "There's lots of respectable ladies does."

FRIGHTFUL HANDICAP.



Beryl—Poor young Stickleby! He had to give up studying for a doctor.
Sibyl—Lack of brains?
Beryl—No; he found he couldn't raise a Nadyke beard.

NO MEDICINE

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ills result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash. woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from overeating starchy and greasy food.

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of honest interest. Adv.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

A. F. CURRAN, - - - - Editor and Publisher.

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Out of a list of twenty-two Congressmen elected in Ohio, there were only three Republicans.

How to get rid of Bryan is bothering the Demmies more than the Tariff and all the other unsettled isms of the day.

"Cheap at \$100,000 a year," said Frank Munsey of T. R. in a contributory editorial capacity. Well, now, if ever, is the appointed time.—Louisville Times.

Corn and bluegrass seed both seem to be going down in price. The Bourbon News notes the sale of a lot of corn at 40c a bushel and of two lots of bluegrass seed, about 8,000 bushels, at 65 cents.—Flemingsburg Times-Democrat.

"Going down" has a familiar old Democratic sound.

After a three year trial of the commission form of government Spokane is going to turn back to her old charter. Just another reform gone wrong.—Commercial Tribune.

The PUBLIC LEDGER has always "fit" against the commission fad. Its as bad as the Bull Moose progressive rot.

The President is preparing to push his policies the same as if he had not been defeated. He has already begun work on his main message to Congress and will, as heretofore, follow it with several supplementary ones. He will call for immediate and severe cuts in certain tariff schedules, but will firmly oppose reductions that would tend to cripple any industry; he will also urge a Federal incorporation law and the making of specific acts of unfair trade misdemeanors.

Jim Cox, the new Democratic Governor-elect of Ohio now proposes to "knock the capital J. out of Democracy." He declares he will stand for no frills or spike-tailcoats at his inaugural ball. Thus Mr. Cox joins the great throng of the "onterrified," whose mouth is even open to tell all they don't know and a little bit more. Cox should pattern after his new President and simply keep his off ear to the ground and just "listen." He'll hear something drop soon enough anyway.

CORPORATIONS MUST STAND FOR IT.

Concerning the matter of increased assessment on the various Kentucky corporation which the railroads are fighting, it is said of the recent meeting at Frankfort that there will not be a compromise in the interests of the railroad companies. A member of the Assessing Board said it would take no action that would make the people think that it had been bought.

Auditor Bosworth said: "I promised the people I would vote to make the corporations pay their part of the taxes and so far as I am concerned the Courts will have to settle this case, for we are right and having nothing to take back."

It is believed that the State Board has no authority to reconsider its action after the assessment is completed and the board adjourned. The railroad companies do not want to go into Court. They want to pursue the policy of give and take, but the Assessing Board will not back up, and unless there is a very decided change in sentiment the question will go to the Supreme Court.

A member of the conference said: "The meeting was a feeler on the part of the railroads and they got a shock instead of sympathy." Justus Goebel was not present.

The Democratic candidates for Postmasters are as thick as flies around a molasses barrel although Postmaster Mitchell's term does not expire for over three years.—Vanceburg Sun.

The task of Hercules: President-elect Wilson announced in speaking of the tariff and monopoly questions, that he proposed to carry out the pledges made in his campaign speeches to cut special privilege out of the tariff schedules and to destroy private monopoly. There is an old saying: "Let he who putteth on his armor not boast like he who taketh off his armor."

The draining of this country of money, which is the case under low tariff laws, is what makes it poor and weak. The gold and silver of a nation is its lifeblood. Take it away by the million to pay for goods manufactured abroad and you sap our nation's strength, just as you sap an individual's strength if you tap an artery. Under a low Democratic tariff we send away our money—our blood. Under a Republican protective tariff we are getting new blood all the time, because, as a rule, the balance of trade is in our favor. Read the messages of our Presidents back in the fifties and you will see that they tell how, under the low Walker tariff, the millions of gold mined in California went into one ceaseless current abroad to pay for manufactured goods. We are now keeping that gold, the nation's lifeblood, at home where it belongs.

WAR ON FILTHY STORES.

A systematic effort to obtain clean and sanitary groceries is to be made by the Chicago Clean Food club. The object of the organization is to enforce cleanliness in neighborhood stores. Some of the tenets of the club, which plans to hold an exhibition of a model store in that city are:

- No cats to be allowed in grocery stores.
- No chickens to be kept in crates on sidewalks.
- Stores having flies to be blacklisted.
- No horse blankets to be kept in delivery wagons.

Everything to be kept off floor and everything to be kept covered. The club is co-operating with the public school department of domestic arts and sciences. It will attempt to enforce observance of its requirements by confining the patronage of its members to approved stores.

TODAYS BEST POLITICAL JOKE.

The Times desires to present, as America's representative to the Court of St. James, the name of that representative American, William Jennings Bryan. He is in many ways our foremost citizen, so regarded abroad and so esteemed at home. He possesses in singular conjunction all the qualities, and we can think of not a single drawback. His urbanity, his suavity, his charm of manner, of temper and of speech are alike unapproached and unapproachable; his knowledge of men, of his own land and his own people is surely extensive and peculiar; a scholar who is not bookish, a lawyer who does not talk cases, a statesman who does not hold himself aloof, here is a big man of big caliber, filling by his own work a big place in the world.—Louisville Times.

Bill Bryan is the lone iceberg that's going to send the good ship Democracy down to Davy Jones's locker.

Mr. Bryan is a mighty good Republican asset.



"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked father at the breakfast table. "Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."

Put a Ten-Dollar Bill

In an old stocking and keep it there for twenty years. Then take it out and see what you will have. Put a ten dollar bill in our savings department at 3% interest and keep it there for twenty years. Then take it out and you will have \$18.10. It's the difference between hoarding and saving. Men have made millions by saving. No man has ever made a penny by hoarding.

UNION TRUST & SAVINGS CO.
MAYSVILLE, KY.

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE

\$50,000 Enterprise Complete
In Every Feature in Heart
of City

Under Expert Management
of Pioneer Tobacco Men

The new Central Loose Leaf Tobacco Warehouse just finished is one of the finest and best equipped auction houses in the entire tobacco section. It is ideally situated in East Third street on the main line of the C. & O. which gives it perfect shipping facilities. The structure runs from Poplar street to Lexington street, a distance of 282 feet and has a depth on both of said streets of 165 feet.

I. M. Lane was the contractor and all the work and fittings are the product of home labor. The Central has a floor sales capacity of 500,000 pounds daily and its concrete driveways in the main building will furnish room for 100 wagonloads of tobacco. It has floor space for 1,500 baskets, while its 150 skylights arranged on the checker-board plan afford just the right shade of light to get all the best looks out of the weed on sale. Its offices, scales and electric lights and full fire hose protection renders the Central about as complete as skill and money could make it.

New stables are to be constructed opposite on the South, which will furnish free stable room for fifty double teams.

The Central is officered by the following well known tobacco men.

President—R. L. Crisp.
Vice President—C. M. Jones.
Secretary—C. W. Payne.
Treasurer—R. L. Turner.
Bookkeeper—Frank M. Allen.

Mr. Crisp, Mr. Jones, Mr. Payne and Mr. Turner are all life long tobacco men from Virginia and the Carolinas and know the loose leaf business from the patch to the package.

Mr. C. M. Jones will be the active sales manager on the Central's floor. He has been identified with the Maysville loose leaf market since the beginning of the industry, knows the farmers, the quality, color and condition of burley tobacco, and as a loose leaf expert he has no superior.

Colonel Zuckery Taylor Broughton is to be the auctioneer.

The Central will bear critical inspection and as its cards say, it is A Big, Bright, Broad New Building, "Built for Business."

Telephone 188.
The selling season opens Tuesday, December 31.

WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED

Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like I, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble and it made me a well woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to go to the hospital, but I was so that I began taking your Compound. I got along so well that I gave up the doctors and was saved from the operation."—Mrs. CHARLES MOORE, R. R. No. 3, Murrayville, Ill.

WASHINGTON THEATER
TONIGHT.
BUNNY SUICIDE
V. tagraph.
THE PARAGITE
Kalem Drama.
THE PARTY DRESS
V. tagraph.
Matinee Today at 1:30 p. m.
ADMISSION 5 CENTS

THE
Best CAKE
AT
TRAXEL'S
20c
LAYER CAKE!
Chocolate, Caramel,
White, Angel Food.

We Are Offering On Sale For A Few
Days One Dollar Size Bottles
of Improved

WAHOO

Compound Blood and Nerve Tonic for
35c PER BOTTLE or
3 BOTTLES FOR \$1

A remedy for Rheumatism, Blood,
Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.
Do not forget the price—35c per bottle
or 3 for \$1.

JOHN C. PECOR
Druggist Maysville, Ky.

JOHN W. PORTER,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

17 East Second St., MAYSVILLE, KY.

LEST YOU FORGET

The postal authorities require
papers sent through the mails to
be paid for in advance before
they are eligible to the mail as
second-class matter.

If your PUBLIC LEDGER stops,
remember the cause.

Texas has 1,000,000 school children.

A good deal of time is wasted in teaching
dogs to turn back somersaults.

A man's salary is based on the amount he
can spend without making a fool of himself.

After a man is 35 or 40 he certainly scruti-
nizes every piece of bait he sees for the
purpose of locating the hook.

California complete gives Roosevelt a plu-
rality over Wilson of sixty-six votes. Demo-
crats in Los Angeles county have filed a peti-
tion seeking to compel an honest count, and
charging gross irregularities.

MISS BAYLESS

Will Become Secretary to New Mat-
ron of the White House

The Cincinnati Post contained a picture of
Miss Mary Bayless, a former West Union girl,
who is Secretary to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson,
the new matron of the White House.

Miss Bayless is a daughter of Judge F. D.
Bayless and has gained considerable promi-
nence in theatrical circles. She was a clerk
in the recent Ohio Legislature and has served
as Secretary to literary people of prominence.
After graduating from the Academy of Vis-
itation in Maysville, she spent one year as a
law student in her father's office.

She taught music (piano) for several years,
and took a business course, including short-
hand, at Cincinnati, in which city she also re-
ceived a diploma in Miss Haywood's dramatic
school.

Miss Bayless made a tour of Europe a few
years ago.

OUR AIM

TO SELL THE HIGHEST CLASS MER-
CHANDISE AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE
CASH PRICE HAS GAINED FOR US
MANY NEW CUSTOMERS. : : : :

We Show This Week

A great line of Dress Goods, Silks and Velvets. See our 25c
and 49c Dress Fabrics, all-wool Serges included.
Dress Silks, good patterns, 39c and 49c.
\$1.50 Black Serges and fine Dress Goods, 98c.
See our 69c Whipcords reduced to 39c.
Our Domestic Department is full of bargains.
7½c Apron Gingham, 5c.
Heavy Muslin, yard wide, 5c.
Outing Flannels at 5c, worth more.
Best 10c Outing to be found.
Ladies and Children's Underwear; we can't get enough; all
sizes and many kinds. Ladies' best Underwear in the country.
Children's Union Suits, good quality, 25c.
Ladies' and Children's Cloaks. New ones coming in daily.
Prices right.

NEW YORK STORE S. STRAUS,
Proprietor.

PHONE 571.

Investment SECURITIES

SAFE AND SANE.

I have for sale an assortment of choice Investment Securities
yielding 5½% to 7½% interest. Investigation invited.

FRANK H. CLARKE, First National Bank Building.

IRON

Roofing and Fencing

AT THE OLD PRICES. J. C. EVERETT & CO.

YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE

New Victor Records For November.

You can hear them. Stop in any time. We're as glad to play them as you'll be to hear them.

A few of these new selections:
2539 Rigoletto—Quartette—Kry's Bohemian Band.
7042—Songs My Mother Taught Me—Lucy Iaballa Marx.
7043—Merry Countess Waltz—Victor Herbert's Orchestra.
17172 The Million Dollar Ball—Billy Murray.
17173 When I Get You Alone Tonight—Walter Van Brunt.
17171 Everybody Two-step—American Quartet.
Buddy Boy—Collins Baran.
And large selection of other Records.

Records, 60c to \$7. Victrolas, \$15 to \$200.

P. J. MURPHY, The Jeweler

November NECESSITIES!

Jexall Catarrh Jelly A pleasant aromatic pungent jelly for re-
lieving head catarrh, hay fever and colds.

Jexall Wine of Cod Liver Extract will be found to pos-
sess remarkable cura-
tive properties in the treatment of such cases as need a reconstructive tonic.

Jexall Throat Gargle Gives certain and instant relief in all
forms of sore throat from any cause.

REXALL Emulsion (Petroleum.) A perfect emulsion of water-white
Russian petroleum with hypophosphites; rec-
ommended in pulmonary and wasting diseases, especially in consumption.

Thos. J. Chenoweth, DRUGGIST
Cor. Second and
Sutton Sts.

Maysville, Ky. Telephone
No. 200.

THE **Jexall** STORE.

MARY LOUISE CROSBY
GRADUATE NURSE.

—TELEPHONE—

L. C. CROSBY'S RESIDENCE
Washington Central.

G. M. WILLIAMS
DENTIST

First National Bank, Fourth Floor
PHONE 388

OLD LLOYD FARM FOR SALE

—ON—

The 23d Day of November,

At 2 o'clock p. m., we will offer for sale the
highest bidder the old Lloyd farm of

256 Acres

On the Salem Turnpike, one and a half miles
Southeast of Germantown, in Mason county.
This farm has been in continuous possession of
the Lloyd family since 1833. It has had careful
management, has always been a famous tobacco
farm and is now in a high state of cultivation.
This farm can be divided to advantage and
will be offered for sale in parcels and as a whole.
There is a good two-story dwelling, a tenant
house, all necessary outbuildings, barn room for
25,000 pounds of tobacco, a never-failing and
well-distributed supply of stock water, and fence-
ing in good condition. The place is one and a
half miles from churches and schools on a good
turnpike that leads to the stable door. This
farm pays a good per cent. farmed on the tenant
system and is desirable either as an investment
or as a home.
For further information apply to Dan H. Lloyd,
Germantown, Ky.

EVAN LLOYD'S HEIRS.

Sterling Silver

AND

Silver Plated Ware

Call and we will be
pleased to show you
our newest and ex-
clusive patterns. As
silver is likely to go
higher in price, the
best time to buy is
now. : : : :

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JEWELERS.



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this country. London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin,
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Each month, and all the great cities of the
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lisher, H. H. WILCOX, 318 W. Washington Street, Chicago.

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER



My Lady of Doubt

By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Love Under Fire"
My Lady of the North, etc
Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, sent on a mission to Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform, Lawrence arrived within the enemy's lines. The Major attends a great feast and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from a fate worse than death. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer (The Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape. Lawrence is followed by a spy by Captain Grant of the British Army, who agrees to a duel. The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape. The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose. Captain Grant and his men search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy. Lawrence joins the minute men. Grant and his men are captured by the minute men. Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men, who lock him in a strong cell. The captive is thrust into an attempt to escape as "some one" would send for him. Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances. Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who tells him that he is in her house, and that she is in command of the party that captured him. The adventure is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises. After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man across the street hold. Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins. Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up at once. Miss Mortimer appears, explains the mystery and Lawrence is held a prisoner of war. Lawrence escapes through plans arranged by the Lady and sees Grant attack Miss Mortimer. Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII.

I Uncover Captain Grant.

The thicket was sufficiently dense to conceal us from the man, who remained standing at the foot of the steps. He was but a mere dark shadow, and I could not even distinguish that he was a soldier, yet the danger of his presence was sufficiently great, for should he advance to the right he would come upon Grant's unconscious form, and in that silence the slightest noise might arouse suspicion. Mistress Claire still clung to my hand, but only to whisper a sentence of instruction. "Go straight north, major, until you reach the hedge; follow the shadow of that beyond the orchard, and then take the road running westward. Don't mount until you reach there—goodby."

"Goodby, you will not forget me?" "I—I am afraid not, but—but you must go!"

I left her standing there, a faint gleam of white against the dark shrubbery, motionless. There is no incident of that night's ride which I recall distinctly. I merely pushed on steadily through the darkness, leaving my mount to choose his own course, confident we were headed toward the river. I was sufficiently acquainted with the valley of the Delaware, when daylight came, to decide upon the nearest ford. As to the British patrols, I must run the risk of dodging these, but felt safe from such an encounter for several hours. In truth I met no one, having no occasion to even draw rein, although we passed through two small villages, and by a number of farms. I could not even determine that these houses were occupied; they were dark and silent, even the galloping hoofs of my horse failing to awaken response.

It was already daylight when I drew up on the bluff summit to gaze down into the river valley. In the middle distance small villages faced each other across the stream, and toward these most of the roads converged—proof of the existence of a ford. I could not be mistaken as to the town—Burlington on the Jersey shore, and opposite Bristol on the Pennsylvania side. In the latter, even if we had no outpost stationed there. I knew homes along those shaded streets, where food would be forthcoming, and

where I could probably procure a fresh horse. It was the nearer town, nestled on the Jersey bank, that I studied with the greatest care, but, so far as I could see, the single street was deserted. To the south, certainly two miles away, a squadron of horse were riding slowly, surrounded by a cloud of dust. Without doubt this was the British patrol that had left the village at daybreak.

It was a hot, close morning, and the padded Ranger's coat heavy and tight-fitting. I took it off, flinging it across the saddle pommel. As I did so a folded paper came into view, and I drew it forth, curiously. My eye caught the signature at the bottom of a brief note, and I stared at it in surprise. Fagin! How came Fagin to be writing to Captain Grant? He pretended to be a Tory to be sure, yet both armies knew him as a treacherous spy, plotting loyalists and patriots alike. There came to me a memory of Farrel's chance remark that Grant had some connection with this fellow's un-

I read the lines almost at a glance and suddenly realized the base villainy revealed.

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raiding. I had not seriously considered it then, but now—why, possibly it was true. I read the lines almost at a glance, scarcely comprehending at first, and then suddenly realized the base villainy revealed.

"Have the money and papers, but the girl got away. Will wait for you at Lone Tree tonight. Don't fail, for the whole country will be after me as soon as the news gets out about Elmhurst."

So that was the reason for this raid—Grant's personal affair. He had returned to Elmhurst, leaving his men to trudge on into Philadelphia under their Hessian officers so that he might communicate with Fagin. What a pity it was I had failed to kill the fellow, instead of leaving him unconscious.

The papers! Perhaps they were in the coat also. Surely Grant had no time to change or destroy them, as he must have ridden directly to Elmhurst. I searched the pockets of the garment hastily, finding a note or two, his orders to escort Delavan, and a small packet tied securely by a cord. I felt no hesitation in opening this, and ascertaining its contents. The lines I read hastily seemed to blur before my eyes; I could barely comprehend their purport. Little by little I grasped the meaning of it all, and then my mind leaped to recognition of Grant's purpose. They were notes of instruction, brief orders, suggestions, memoranda, such as might be issued to a secret agent greatly trusted.

These were addressed simply "Mortimer," many unsigned, others marked by initials, but I instantly recognized the handwriting of Washington, Hamilton and Lee. Without question this packet was the property of Eric Mortimer, but why had the boy preserved these private instructions, covering months of operations, I should judge, although scarcely one was dated? And what caused them to be of value to Captain Grant?

The answer came in a flash of suspicion—the colonel. He could be threatened with them, blackmailed, disgraced before Sir Henry Clinton, driven from his command. They were addressed merely to "Mortimer," discovered at Elmhurst, and were meant to convict of treason. It was a devilish plot, well conceived, and Grant was fully capable of carrying it out to the end. I could realize what the possession of these papers meant to him—military advancement, a distribution of the Mortimer estate in which he would doubtless share, and a fresh hold on Claire whereby he could terrify the girl into accepting them.

I stood there in uncertainty, turning these papers over and over in my hands, striving to determine my duty. Should I return to Elmhurst? To do so would only bring me into renewed peril, and would apparently benefit no one. Without this packet Grant was helpless to injure Colonel Mortimer. As to Claire, I could not protect her for the present, and as soon as the father returned, he would doubtless compel her to accompany him back to Philadelphia. The best service I could render was to destroy these notes, and then seek out Eric Mortimer, in Lee's camp, and tell him the whole story. All that anyone could do now was to warn the Mortimers against Grant, and to let them know his treachery, and this could be best accomplished through Eric. Although in different armies, striving against each other in the field, there must still exist some means of communication between father and son, or, if not, then between brother and sister.

With flint and steel I built a small fire of leaves in a cleft beside the road, and fed to the flames one by one the papers from the packet, glancing over each one again to make sure of its contents; all were addressed alike, simply "Mortimer," but upon two I found the word "Elmhurst." It was easy to see how the discovery of such communications would tempt an unscrupulous scoundrel like Grant to use them to injure another, and win his own end, but why had that young Eric failed to destroy them as soon as received?

When the last paper had been reduced to ashes, I stamped out the embers of fire under my boot heel, and with lighter heart, rode down the hill toward the ford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Between Love and Duty.

It was already growing dusk when I rode into our lines at Valley Forge. A brief interview with Colonel Hamilton revealed his appreciation of my work, and that my hastily made notes of the Philadelphia defenses had been received twenty-four hours earlier. They had been delivered at headquarters by an officer of Lee's staff; no, not a boyish-looking fellow, but a black-bearded captain whose name had been forgotten. All Hamilton could remember was that the notes had been originally brought in by an Indian scout. Eager to discover Eric Mortimer, I asked a week's release from duty, but there was so much sickness in the camp, that this request was refused, and I was ordered to my regiment.

Busy days and nights of fatigue followed. Washington, watching like a hawk every movement of Sir Henry Clinton in Philadelphia, convinced by every report received that he was about to evacuate the city, bent all his energies toward placing his little army in fit condition for battle. Some recruits were received, the neighboring militia were drawn upon, and men were taken from the hospitals, and put back into the ranks as soon as strong enough to bear arms. Inspired by the indomitable spirit of our commander, the line officers worked incessantly in the welding together of their commands. I scarcely knew what sleep was, yet the importance of the

coming movement of troops held me steadfast to duty. Word came to us early in June that Count d'Estaing, with a powerful French fleet, was approaching the coast. This surely meant that Clinton would be compelled to retreat across the Jersey, and a portion of our troops were advanced so as to be within easy striking distance of the city the moment the evacuation took place. The remaining commands pressed farther north, near convenient crossings of the Delaware, prepared for a forced march across the British line of retreat. Maxwell's brigade, with which I was connected, even crossed the river in advance, co-operating with General Dickinson and his New Jersey militia. All was excitement, commotion, apparently disorder, yet even amid that turmoil of approaching battle, the Hamilton recalled my request, and granted me two days' leave. His brief note reached me at Coryell's Ferry, and, an hour later, I was riding swiftly across the country to where Lee had headquarters.

Not once during all those days and nights had the memory of Claire left me. Over and over in my mind I reviewed all that had ever occurred between us, striving in vain to guess the riddle. Now I would see and talk with her brother, and perhaps obtain the explanation needed. Yet I have gone into battle with less trepidation than when I rode into Lee's headquarters, and asked his chief-of-staff for Eric Mortimer. He looked at me strangely, as I put the question.

"I should be very glad to oblige you, Major Lawrence," he replied gravely, "but unfortunately I have no present knowledge of the young man."

"But he was attached to General Lee's staff?" "Only in a way—he was useful to us as a scout because of his intimate knowledge of the Jerseys. His home, I understand, was near Mount Holly."

"What has become of him?" "All I know is, he was sent out on a special mission, by Washington's own orders, nearly a month ago. We have not directly heard from him since. An Indian brought a partial report of his operations up to that time; since then we have received nothing."

"An Indian!" I exclaimed. "The same who brought in my notes?" "I believe so; yes, now that I recall the matter. I had no opportunity to question the fellow; he simply left the papers with the orderly, and disappeared."

"And you have heard nothing from young Mortimer since?" "Not a word."

"He must be dead, or a prisoner." The chief smiled rather grimly. "Or deserted," he added sharply. "I am more inclined toward that theory. He was a reckless young devil, attracted to our service more, it seemed to me, by a spirit of dare-devilry than patriotism. Lee thought well of him, but I was always suspicious. He belonged to a family of loyalists, his father a colonel of Queen's Rangers. Did you know him, Lawrence?"

"The father, not the son. But I am not willing to believe evil of the boy. I cannot conceive that treachery is in the Mortimer blood, sir, and shall have to be convinced before I condemn the lad. When did he leave here last?" "About the middle of May."

"Would you mind telling me his mission? Where he was sent?" The officer glanced keenly into my face; then ran hastily over a package of papers taken from an open trunk.

"I can see no harm in doing so now, major. He was sent to communicate with a British officer—a prominent Tory—who has associations with 'Red' Fagin, and others in Monmouth county. This officer has in the past, for a consideration, furnished us with valuable information, generally through young Mortimer, who knew him. He had written us that he had more to sell."

"Where were they to meet?" "At a rendezvous known as the Lone Tree, not far from Medford."

"Was the Tory officer named Grant?" "He stated at me in surprise."

"I am not at liberty to answer."

"Oh, very well; however, I understand the situation even better than you do probably. Only I advise you one thing—don't condemn that boy until you learn the truth. Grant is an unmitigated, cold-blooded scoundrel, and the treachery is his. You'll learn that, if you wait long enough. Mortimer is either dead, or in Fagin's hands. Good night."

I passed out, and was beyond the guard, before he could call me, even had he desired to do so. I had no wish to talk with him longer. I felt disappointed, sick at heart, and realized this staff officer was strongly prejudiced against young Mortimer. It seemed to me I saw a little light, although not much. Eric had been at Elmhurst, and Claire was not innocent of his presence in that neighborhood. She was shielding him, and it was through her help that his first report to Lee had been sent back by the Indian. Then Eric must have been in the house while I was there. Indeed it must have been Eric who made me prisoner. And to protect him she had told me a deliberate falsehood.

As I rode back through the night, finding a path almost by instinct through the maze of military encampments, I thought of all these things, exonerating her from wrong, and yet wondering more and more at her real connection with the various events. This chief had not stated what information of value Grant had promised to reveal; nor what Eric's first report had contained. In my sudden disappointment I had forgotten to inquire. And where could the boy be? What could have happened to him? Something serious surely to keep him thus

hidden for nearly a month. Claire would know, but she was probably long ago back in Philadelphia in the heart of the British garrison. And if well, I was tied hand and foot by discipline; helpless to turn aside from duty now in the face of this new campaign. Every man was needed, and no personal consideration would excuse my leaving the ranks even for a day. It was with heavy heart I rode into the camp of my regiment, and lay down on the bare ground, with head pillowed upon the saddle, knowing the drums would sound in a few short hours.

It was hard to work through the routine of the next few days, although some excitement was given us by Maxwell's brigade by scouting details sent across the valley to observe the movements of the British patrols. On such duty I passed the greater portion of two days in the saddle, and, by chance, met both Farrel and Duval, who were with the Jersey militiamen, now rapidly coming in to aid us, as the rumors of an impending battle spread across country. Farrel came at the head of fifty men, rough looking, raggedly dressed fellows, but well armed, and I had a word with him while pointing out where Dickinson's troops were camped. Unfortunately he knew little of value to me. Mortimer's column of Queen's Rangers had passed his place on their return to Philadelphia two days after my escape. Grant was not with them, but Claire was, while Peter had been left behind at Elmhurst. Fagin had not been overtaken, although the Rangers had engaged in a skirmish with some of his followers, losing two men. Colonel Mortimer had been wounded slightly. As to Eric he knew nothing—no one had even mentioned the lad's name.

It was thus clearly evident I could do nothing, although I now possessed a well defined theory of just what had occurred. To my mind Eric was in the hands of Fagin, either hidden securely away among the sand caves for some purpose connected with Grant's treachery, or else with the intention of claiming the reward for his capture offered by Howe. The former prob-

ably seemed most likely in view of Grant's failure to return to Philadelphia with Colonel Mortimer, yet there was no reason why the conspirators should not wreak vengeance, and win the reward also. But did Claire know, or suspect the predicament of her brother? If she did, then she was seeking to conceal the truth from her father, but would never remain long inactive in the city. I knew the girl's real spirit too well to believe

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Forcing Clinton to Battle. I was left behind at Coryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward when Max-well, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts we began to understand what was occurring. Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddenfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

The moment this knowledge reached Washington, he acted. In spite of opposition from some of his leading officers, his own purpose remained steadfast, and every preparation had already been made for energetic pursuit. Our troops fit for service numbered less than five thousand men, many of these hastily gathered militia, some of whom had never been under fire, but the warmth and comfort of the summer time, together with the good news from France, had inspired all with fresh courage. Whatever of dissension existed was only among the coterie of general officers, the men in the ranks being eager for battle, even though the odds were strong against us. There was no delay, no hitch in the promptness of advance. The department of the Quartermaster-General had every plan worked out in detail, and within two days, the entire army had crossed the river, and pushed forward to within a few miles of Trenton. Morgan, with six hundred men, was hurried forward to the reinforcement of Maxwell, and I was permitted to join his column.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By Camel Across the Sahara. N. le More, a Frenchman, 24 years old, has just completed a journey by camel across the Sahara from Al-

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HUNTING DR. GREGG

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

Godfrey Gynn, artist, was an athlete. That is, he was going to be some day. In his studio in the city he swung Indian clubs and lifted weights, and down at his brother's farm, where he passed most of his Sundays, he did more.

He rose with the lark to tramp around in the dew and breathe through his nose. The rest of the family growled about it, and the lark put him down as an eccentric. He felled trees to get shoulder muscles, and as he wasn't particular as to whose trees they were, old Farmer Hobbs made him pay five dollars each for them.

The lifted 50-pound stones over fences, climbed trees, ran up and down hills, and did so many other things that seemed curious to the farmers around that the report got abroad that he was a little touched in the head.

All this wouldn't amount to shucks had not an accident happened to Mr. Gynn one morning as he was jumping a fence. He caught his toe on the taut rail as he went over and fell in such a way that he broke the thumb on his right hand. This was on a morning when he had risen with the lark, and long before anybody else was astir.

A broken thumb needs more attention than a broken neck. There must be a visit to the doctor's and some bandaging.

With a rag tied about the aching thumb, Mr. Godfrey Gynn started off down the highway at a fast walk. He had made two-thirds of the distance when a young lady came out of a manor house just ahead of him and took the highway. Her jaw was tied up with a cloth, and she seemed in a hurry to get somewhere.

"It's dollars to cents it's a case of toothache," said Mr. Gynn to himself, and the idea almost comforted him.

Mr. Gynn was right about the toothache. Miss Hope Thornton was visiting a married cousin at the manor house. At midnight she was aroused by a tooth trying to jump out of her mouth, and thence to early morn she groaned and wept and vowed that if she lived a thousand years she would never do any more wading in brooks. It was an hour after daybreak when she woke her cousin to ask what could be done.

The jaw was bandaged up and Miss Hope started out. She saw Mr. Gynn coming, and later on heard his footsteps behind her.

Mr. Gynn didn't mean to overtake the girl, as the pain of his thumb kept him gritting his teeth, but somehow or other he presently found himself keeping step with her and asking: "Toothache?"

"Yum."

"Bad?"

"Awwful!"

"Going to Dr. Gregg's?"

"Yum."

"Then this must be the place, for here is his sign."

They both turned in at the gate, and a frosty-haired man said: "The doctor ain't in."

"Where is he?"

"Out in the fields somewhere to kill a rabbit for breakfast."

"I'll go find him. This young lady has a bad case of toothache."

"She can come in and wait, but he won't do anything. Early as it is, he's half-tight."

"I'll try and sober him up."

Mr. Gynn nodded to the girl to go in and wait, and after much peering and considerable tramping he got sight of the doctor with a gun on his shoulder.

"Patient?" queried the medical man.

"Young lady with the toothache."

"Let her ache."

"Thumb."

"Broken, eh? Well, go to town."

"Come on to the house."

"Nixy. Nothing doing today."

It hurt like everything, but Mr. Gynn managed to remove his coat and dropped his hat on the grass.

"What's a-coming?" asked the doctor.

"You are, unless you want a good licking!"

"Huh! You must have lots of grit to fight with a broken thumb. Well, come along."

At the house, Miss Hope was weeping and the doctor's wife saying: "Shut up!" exclaimed the doctor as he put his gun away.

"Young lady, open your mouth. Huh! Bit of ulceration. Keep this liquid in your mouth for awhile. Feel better, eh?"

"Yes."

"Give you some to take home. Ache all gone by and by. Now, young man, for the broken thumb."

Mr. Gynn held it out to be looked at and operated on, and it was then that Miss Hope knew that he had been hurt.

"Is it broken?" she asked.

"Out of joint, Miss," answered the doctor.

"And you never told me," she said in reproachful tones to Mr. Gynn.

He tried to smile as the doctor pulled the thumb back into place, but it ended in a groan.

"You poor fellow!"

The doctor looked up and laughed, and his wife tossed her head and said: "It's no use to advise young women. They are bound to be foolish."

"Then don't advise," grumbled the husband.

Miss Hope and Mr. Gynn walked back together. The toothache had almost vanished and the thumb felt better. At every one of Mr. Gynn's calls for the next month they talked of toothache, broken thumbs and the doctor. Then there was a change.

Perfect Compliment. We please ourselves that in you we meet one whose temper was long since tried in the fire, and made equal to all events; a man so truly in love with the greatest future that he cannot be diverted to any less.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

One Way to Live. The Gaudy

